

You're My Ice Cream (I Really Wanna Have You)

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You're My Ice Cream (I Really Wanna Have You)

by [captainheyturnitup](#)

Summary

Jeongguk and Taehyung have been together for almost a year. Their relationship is going great, but there's just one thing nagging in Taehyung's (and Jimin's) mind. He finally talks to Jeongguk about it, and things get a lot messier than he planned.

(A lot messier. Like, everywhere.)

Notes

i wanted to put a pee pun in the title but i couldn't think of one if you do pls dm me id like to know.

this is a SEQUEL to I'm On My Knees, Begging You Please!!! if you haven't read that yet, please read it [here](#) first!!!

this is really just a compilations of moments from their relationship, so please keep your expectations low. also if you haven't noticed there's some heavy omo so if you don't like it pLEASE LEAVE thanks

sorry that it's literally been a year i love you

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Taehyung sits behind a long table in the church's gymnasium, the table decorated with a festive red table cloth and covered in delectable sweets that he's having a hard time resisting (he's already snatched and eaten a baggie of chewy chocolate chip cookies). His mom left him to handle the customers while she animatedly talks to the coordinator of the church craft sale about what a great job she did this year. He watches as a little boy and his mother peruse the table, the kid excited and pointing out each of his favorite treats before eventually settling on a thick fudge brownie slice. Taehyung accepts the dollar bill from the mother and smiles at the boy, cute black fringe falling into his eyes and body covered in a puffy blue jacket.

He waves at the boy as they walk away, his mom still chatting away with her friend at the other end of the table, when he hears his phone buzz from his leather bag sitting underneath the table. The bag was a gift from Jeongguk after he heard Taehyung gushing to Jimin about how cool the Gucci winter line was, especially the snake motif on the weekender bags. Taehyung had whined about it, scolding Jeongguk for buying something so expensive for *no reason*, but Jeongguk of course retorted with *there isn't a price tag for my love*.

Speak of the devil. The message is from Jeongguk, and Taehyung opens it, assuming it's about their plans to meet up after Taehyung's event. What Taehyung doesn't expect is a picture from his boyfriend from the chest down, black shirt bunched up to show off his toned abs and the younger's crotch in full view, the shape of his erection clear through the gray material of his sweatpants. Jeongguk's thumb is tucked into the waistband, tugging at the material, teasing.

my heart

i can't stop thinking about you

Taehyung immediately locks his phone in panic as soon as he reads the caption, face flushing red, and glances around to make sure

nobody saw the *dick pic* his boyfriend just sent him. Once he confirms that nobody is watching him and there are no little kids hoping to buy a tasty treat from his table, Taehyung unlocks his phone again to type a quick message in response.

guk!

i'm in public pls

He tucks his phone quickly into his back pocket to wait for Jeongguk's reply. His phone buzzes while he's making change for another customer, and he waits until the family walks away to see what Jeongguk responded.

my heart

but i'm so hard

Taehyung doesn't have enough time to even think of a response before another message comes through.

i wish you were here already

There's a shock of heat in the pit of Taehyung's belly, and he curses his boyfriend for getting him riled up while he's *at church*. More heat pools in his belly at the thought. He doesn't know what to say, torn between being angry at Jeongguk for starting this and wanting to keep going.

yeah?

Jeongguk must have been waiting for his response because the message is read instantly and a reply comes just as quick.

my heart

want to feel you

feel me where, guk?

Taehyung locks his phone, then, stuffing it back into his pocket to talk with a church friend that has walked up to the table. He hopes the blush on his cheeks isn't too obvious, the anticipation of Jeongguk's reply making it difficult for him to focus on their conversation. The friend is a few years younger if Taehyung remembers correctly, a kid he taught in Sunday School a few years back. Taehyung politely laughs when the boy says *it's been awhile* as he takes in all the sweets laid on the table. Thankfully he doesn't linger after deciding to buy a slice of apple pie, handing Taehyung two dollars and wishing him a merry Christmas before walking away. Taehyung tries not to rush as he shoves the cash into the envelope and sits down to check his messages.

my heart

everywhere

want your mouth on my cock

my hands in ur hair

The room is getting hot and Taehyung's slacks are getting tight, already regretting the black leather belt he accessorized with, attempting to match his outfit to his bag. He worries that someone will notice just how hot and bothered he's getting, so he scoots under the table to drape the tablecloth tastefully over his crotch, hoping nobody asks him to stand up for some reason.

i want that too

you're making me hot and i have to sit at this table for another HOUR guk

Taehyung locks his phone but doesn't put it away. There's nobody near his table and this next hour, he can already tell, is going to be hell. He takes a deep breath, trying to calm his slowly hardening dick, calculating how much money they've made in attempts to distract himself.

my heart

would you let me fuck ur mouth

Taehyung's efforts to calm down are thwarted by his boyfriend's reply. Thoughts of Jeongguk's hands gripping his hair while he thrusts up into Taehyung's mouth, wet and filthy, tears collecting in the corner of his eyes as he lets Jeongguk use him however he wants fill Taehyung's mind and he has to cough to cover up a groan at the image. In the past few months of their relationship they've grown even closer, getting to know each other's bodies, what makes them feel good, how to treat each other to make each night even better than the last. Taehyung loves it when Jeongguk takes control, pins him to the bed, makes Taehyung cry with how good he feels.

i'd love that

want you to make me cry

my heart

the only time i'll make you cry baby

fuck you feel so good

are you touching yourself?

Taehyung closes his eyes and tells himself it doesn't matter what the answer is because *you can't get hard, you can't do anything right now.*

my heart

yes

wish it were you tho

Another customer comes to the table and Taehyung cries inside. He stays sitting (he couldn't stand even if he wanted to) and tries his best to act normal, asking the old lady how her day is going, if she's enjoying the craft sale. She tells him about some candles she bought from a booth down the way and asks which baked goods he

recommends. They converse lightly while she selects several breads and cookies to buy, and he wishes her a good day when she leaves with another bag of goodies on her arm. Then he takes a deep breath, pulling out his phone.

want you to touch me but i still have 45 minutes ㅍㅍ

There's no reply for several minutes, and Taehyung figures Jeongguk must be having fun by himself. A few people come to buy cookies and he is able to distract himself from the heated conversation he and Jeongguk shared a few minutes ago. Just when he thinks he's officially calmed down, another message pings onto his phone. When Taehyung opens the Kakaotalk app, another picture downloads, this time from Jeongguk's point of view looking down the chiseled expanse of his stomach with the tip of his hard cock peeking out from the waistband of his sweatpants. Jeongguk's hand is lazily gripping his erection and there's a drop of pre-cum beading at the tip. Taehyung has to bite the back of his hand to keep from making an embarrassing noise.

my heart

jeongguk jr misses you

Taehyung can't hold back a laugh, gaining the attention of his mother who he quickly waves off, hoping she doesn't investigate further. When she turns back to her conversation, Taehyung stares at the picture a few moments longer, thinking of a response.

well tell jeongguk jr i'll see him soon

but pls stop giving me a heart attack in public

He checks the time at the top of the screen while he waits for another message— 30 minutes. Taehyung knows he's potentially ruining the mood, but he honest to God can't take much more of this. He's either going to pop a boner right in this craft sale or bolt out of here and straight to Jeongguk's apartment. *Or both*, he thinks sadly.

my heart

i can't help that you're the only thing i think about

were you just laying on your bed staring at the ceiling thinking about me?

my heart

yes :(

take responsibility

Taehyung giggles into the back of his hand. He probably isn't supposed to think Jeongguk is so cute right now, but his boyfriend really is the cutest. The thought of Jeongguk thinking about him even while doing nothing makes warmth bloom in his chest. The thought of Jeongguk thinking about him, thinking about touching Taehyung, touching *himself* while thinking of Taehyung makes warmth bloom somewhere else and Taehyung *really needs to stop thinking such dirty thoughts*.

it's not my fault

i still want to feel you on top of me

He puts his phone away after sending the message, his mom having bid her friend goodbye and walking back to where Taehyung is sitting. She puts a hand on his shoulder and glances across the table to see how many baked goods are left.

“How are sales going?”

Taehyung slides his phone back into the side pocket of his bag and looks up at her. “Decent. One lady bought seven different things.”

She nods, humming in amusement. “You said you were going over to Jeongguk’s after this right? That’s why you drove yourself here.”

“Yeah,” he starts, “we’ll probably eat dinner together, too, so don’t worry about me.”

His mom starts rearranging the sweets to all sit neatly in the middle of the table. “Why don’t you head on over, then? I think I can handle these last few minutes on my own. Your dad is coming over to help take everything down, anyway.”

Taehyung looks up at her, wide-eyed. “Are you sure? I don’t mind helping, there’s only thirty minutes left.”

She looks directly at him with a smile. “Go on. Young love is precious, enjoy it.”

He doesn't need to be told twice. Taehyung tries not to make it obvious as he grabs the handles of his bag and holds it with both hands in front of his crotch. He says goodbye to his mom, asking once again if she'll be okay before he practically bolts out of the gymnasium and to his car in the parking lot. The keys are already in his hand by the time he makes it to the driver's side door, unlocking it and throwing his bag in the passenger seat so he can *get the heck out of here*. It's cold outside and his car needs to warm up before he can go anywhere, the air blasting from the vents making him shiver despite how hot he was a few minutes ago. His legs bounce impatiently as he reaches for his phone in his bag.

mom let me leave early I'm on my way now

my heart

fuck babe finally

The air is slowly warming up and Taehyung waits for the soonest possible moment to leave, hardly caring about the state of his car but knowing he should take care of it for the long run.

wait for me gukkie

my heart

hurry

i can't wait

babyyyyy

don't start without me

my heart

you'll have to hurry ;)

Taehyung can feel heat coming from the vents and he tosses his phone into the open pocket of his bag, jerking the gear into drive and doing his best to keep his driving safe as he navigates to Jeongguk's apartment. The drive is purely muscle memory at this point, the turns natural as he focuses on his destination, what could be waiting for him there. There are no visitor parking spaces in front of Jeongguk's building and he mourns the walk he'll have to make across the complex, but he makes it in record time, not even bothering to act natural as he olympic speed walks across the lot.

The door is unlocked when Taehyung tries the door knob. He has enough time to get inside and shut the door before Jeongguk is on him, one hand pressing the door closed and the other on Taehyung's waist. His body crowds Taehyung against the door as he leans in to brush his lips lightly against Taehyung's.

"I've waited so long for you," Jeongguk murmurs, his voice low.

Taehyung looks up at Jeongguk through his lashes for a moment before tipping his head forward to connect their lips in a brief kiss. "Is that right?"

Jeongguk chuckles and brings his arm around Taehyung's waist to hold him closer. "It is."

It's silent as they hold intense eye contact, Taehyung barely breathing in anticipation. "Well, I'm here now. What are you gonna do about it?"

Jeongguk doesn't bother speaking, lunging forward to connect their lips, finally, in a heated kiss. Their lips move together for a moment until Jeongguk licks along the seam of his lips, tongue working into Taehyung's mouth. This is the moment Taehyung was waiting for, Jeongguk surrounding him, making it impossible to think of anything but him at this moment. They kiss at the door, Taehyung's arms circling his boyfriend's neck as Jeongguk tugs Taehyung's shirt out of his pants to slide his hands up Taehyung's sides. His palms are warm and soft, a product of Jeongguk's insistent use of moisturizers, a habit that is slowly wearing off on Taehyung (he carries a tube of lotion in his bag at all times now). Taehyung arches into the touch, chest pressing against Jeongguk's solid form and tilting his head for a better angle. Jeongguk leaves one hand splayed between Taehyung's shoulder blades and trails the other down to grab at Taehyung's ass through the tight fabric of his black slacks.

"Won't you take me to bed," Taehyung whispers against Jeongguk's lips. His tone is mild and even, but he can't hold back a squeak when Jeongguk reaches his other hand down to grab both of his thighs and heft him into his arms. Taehyung instinctually wraps his legs around his boyfriend's waist. He catches the sly smirk on Jeongguk's face as he walks them towards his bedroom that Taehyung leans forward to kiss away.

The walk to the bedroom is short, and, when they get there, Jeongguk lays them both down on the bed, slotting himself between Taehyung's thighs to continue kissing him. Taehyung tightens his hold around his boyfriend's neck as Jeongguk's hands travel down to tug the plaid sweater vest off of Taehyung. With the vest out of the way, Jeongguk starts unbuttoning the elder's light blue dress shirt, separating their lips to complain, "why did you have to wear so many clothes today?"

Taehyung giggles, grabbing the beret that tipped off his head when they laid down and chucking it off the bed. He reaches to do the same with the gold-framed aviators on his face, but Jeongguk grabs his wrist to stop him. When Taehyung raises an eyebrow in question, Jeongguk just says *they're hot*.

At this point Jeongguk has all the buttons undone and pushes Taehyung's shirt to the side, not bothering to take it all the way off before he leans down to drop wet kisses along Taehyung's collarbones. Taehyung whines when Jeongguk's fingers tickle across his ribcage, hands attempting to brush them off. Jeongguk holds his place, his hands fitted into the divots of Taehyung's ribs, tongue flattening across a perky nipple. Once Taehyung stills with only small breaths in response to Jeongguk's tongue, Jeongguk traces his fingers lightly along Taehyung's sides, just under his ribcage. Taehyung's body jerks, a high pitched noise coming out of the older's mouth. Jeongguk trails along the sensitive parts under Taehyung's ribcage again, lightly brushing his fingers back and forth, making Taehyung whine and arch his back.

"Jeongguk," Taehyung gasps. His hips twitch, not sure whether to avoid Jeongguk's touches.

Jeongguk's mouth moves from Taehyung's nipple to suck a bright red mark in the center of his sternum. His hands slide down to rub gentle circles along Taehyung's hip bones with his thumbs. Taehyung's hand reaches down to tangle in the soft dark brown locks at the top of Jeongguk's head, unsure whether to pull him up for another kiss or push him farther down. All he knows is he's getting impatient and Jeongguk is touching him everywhere except where he needs it. "Didn't you have enough foreplay with the sexting? Please, Jeongguk."

Taehyung feels more than hears the short laugh Jeongguk lets out against his stomach, the air ghosting over the sensitive skin of his abdomen. Taehyung's body jerks a little before he can control it.

Jeongguk holds him firmly as he brushes butterfly kisses from Taehyung's belly button down to his belt buckle, just light enough to feel his boyfriend squirm in his hands.

"Why are you being such a tease? You were begging to fuck me just ten minutes ago," Taehyung blurts out, patience long since worn out.

Jeongguk presses Taehyung's wiggling hips roughly down into the mattress with a frown on his lips. "I wasn't begging, *baby*."

"Oh, Taehyung, hurry, oh, baby, I wish you were here, I want you to touch me," Taehyung's voice takes on a higher pitch, exaggerated moans in his voice as he mimics his boyfriend. He grins at the furrow in Jeongguk's eyebrows.

"You're awful mouthy today, babe. Maybe I outta just finish what I was doing earlier and make you watch without touching yourself. Bad boys don't get what they want."

Taehyung shivers at the edge in Jeongguk's voice, wondering just how far he can push Jeongguk, if he can get him just a little angrier, if he can get the grip on his hips just a little bit tighter. "I came here to get fucked and if you're just gonna waste my time, I might as well do it myself, too."

The hands that were gripping Taehyung's hips move to yank his belt open, not even bothering to take it off before moving to undo the button and pull the zipper down. Jeongguk tugs Taehyung's slacks and briefs down to his knees, not bothering to take them all the way off before flipping Taehyung onto his stomach. Taehyung's body goes limp, allowing Jeongguk to use his full strength, just the way Taehyung loves. Jeongguk pulls Taehyung up by the hips so his ass is raised, soft and bare. The elder tries to push himself up onto his hands, but Jeongguk reaches forward to take the elder's glasses off

and shove his face back into the pillow.

Taehyung moves to talk back, to say something about how he was just stating facts, but Jeongguk shuts him up before he can speak. “Stop talking. The more you talk, the longer it will be until you come. You’re already getting punished for your attitude.”

Jeongguk doesn’t wait for Taehyung to think of a response, nudging his knees between Taehyung’s to spread his boyfriend’s legs as far as his pants will allow. He grips Taehyung’s ass in both of his hands, kneading and pressing his crotch against him, the shape of his erection prominent even through his sweatpants. “How many spanks do you think you deserve, huh? 10? 20?”

The hands disappear from Taehyung’s ass and he braces for the impact, anticipating the harsh clap of Jeongguk’s hand on his bare skin. When it doesn’t come right away, he peeps one eye open to peer over his shoulder at his boyfriend. Jeongguk is already looking at him, that sadistic glint in his eye. As soon as they make eye contact, Jeongguk raises his hand to deliver a sharp smack to Taehyung’s ass cheek. An abrupt whine leaves Taehyung’s mouth at the sensation, the tingling of the slap sending heat down his groin. After another breath, Jeongguk raises the other hand to spank the other cheek, massaging both cheeks in his hands afterwards, admiring the red flush that rises there.

Taehyung moans out loud at the next spank, the feeling making his whole body jolt with the impact. The next two come right after each other, alternating sides, and Taehyung’s whole body shakes at the overwhelming sensation.

Jeongguk grinds into Taehyung’s ass, pulling a groan from both of them. The warmth of Jeongguk’s body grounds Taehyung, and he pushes back against the younger, craving more of his touch. Jeongguk understands him, gently running his fingers over the handprint glowing red on Taehyung’s right ass cheek before pulling back and

leaving a sharp slap right in the center. The contrast between the touches has Taehyung reeling. He feels a bead of precum well at the tip of his cock, dangling hard and untouched between his quivering thighs. Jeongguk delivers one more harsh slap to either side. Taehyung's moans spur him on, tugging Taehyung's hips back into place in the air after they fall a bit, knees weak and thighs shaking.

"Don't move. You're not done yet," Jeongguk growls, accentuating his point with another spank. Taehyung whimpers, his eyes filling with tears, toes curling to try to deal with the stinging. "If I give you one more will you behave? You've taken your punishment well."

Taehyung nods, not trusting his voice to work properly. He shuffles to make sure his hips are held high, ready for his last spank, but it doesn't come.

"Use your words, pretty. Will you behave now?" Jeongguk runs his hands down Taehyung's thighs, fingertips brushing dangerously close to Taehyung's cock. It twitches in excitement and Jeongguk smirks at how riled up he's able to make the elder.

"Yes! Yes, I'll be good. I'm a good boy," Taehyung rambles.

"Good," Jeongguk says simply. He brings his left hand down on Taehyung, rubbing it in, both savoring in the lingering tingle. Taehyung's ass is bright red, faint outlines of Jeongguk's hands on both cheeks, and Jeongguk wants to keep marking him, to leave proof of his love all over Taehyung's body. He bends over to kiss at Taehyung's spine, pressing his hips to Taehyung's.

"Jeonggukkie, please," Taehyung whines, pressing his hips back to meet Jeongguk as he grinds weakly against him.

Jeongguk trails kisses up the elder's back, stopping at the junction of his neck and shoulder to suck another mark into the skin there. Taehyung grinds greedily back against Jeongguk, taking what he can get when Jeongguk doesn't pull away or scold him. He's so lost in the feeling of Jeongguk's clothed cock pressed snugly against his ass, the solid warmth and the quiet groans Jeongguk lets out.

"I've got you," Jeongguk whispers in his ear softly before pulling away, one hand resting in the middle of Taehyung's back as he reaches to the bedside table for the lube. Taehyung hums in excitement, eagerly awaiting the feeling of Jeongguk's fingers filling him up, mind jumping forward, thinking about the feeling of Jeongguk's thick cock stretching him open.

"Take your pants off for me," the younger orders. Taehyung scrambles to pull his slacks off, getting caught briefly because of the belt still looped around the waist. Jeongguk watches in amusement as the elder rushes, opening the cap of the bottle and squeezing a hefty amount on his first two fingers. "Get back on your hands and knees."

Taehyung follows his order, trying to steady his breathing as he gets into position. Jeongguk gives him a second to breath before running his clean hand along the curve of Taehyung's back, stopping to rest comfortably at the swell of the elder's ass. He takes the fingers with the lube and rubs against Taehyung's hole. The lube smears, and Jeongguk watches as the elder clenches at the cold sensation. Jeongguk rubs teasingly around the rim a few times just to watch Taehyung get worked up again. When Taehyung starts pushing back against his fingers, Jeongguk pulls them away and gives a warning slap to Taehyung's ass with the other hand. "Don't get greedy. You were doing so well."

Once Taehyung stills, Jeongguk slides the first finger in, working it in once, twice, then slipping a second finger inside. Taehyung lets out a sound of approval at the stretch, his legs straining with the effort to stay still, resisting the urge to push back and meet Jeongguk's hand with his hips. The younger works his fingers in and out of Taehyung's hole a few times, feeling Taehyung relax around him. Taehyung's

head drops between his shoulders, hanging low as he pants through the heat building in his stomach. Jeongguk runs his free hand down one of Taehyung's thighs just light enough to feel the elder shudder at the barely-there contact.

Jeongguk squeezes another dollop of the lube directly above the elder's hole, pulling his fingers out to push the lube in with three fingers. Taehyung gasps at the addition and drops to his elbows, wishing Jeongguk would skip all this foreplay; he's been worked up since the first text from his boyfriend so long ago. The younger's fingers thrust deep and rub against Taehyung's spot, tearing him away from his thoughts.

"J-Jeongguk," Taehyung pants. It's becoming increasingly difficult to stay still, what with his boyfriend's fingers pressed relentlessly against his prostate. "Guk, please."

Jeongguk pulls his fingers out to thrust harshly back in. Taehyung squeaks as his body jerks at the motion. "Please, what, angel?"

The words fall off Taehyung's tongue, replaced by loud moans as Jeongguk fucks him roughly with his fingers. Taehyung feels heat pooling in the pit of his stomach, his fingers gripping tightly at the sheets beneath them as he tries to maintain his cool. With each thrust Taehyung's legs get weaker, his knees sliding and hips falling closer to the mattress. Jeongguk grabs the elder's hip with his free hand and holds him in place, keeping him raised and forcing Taehyung to take what he gives him. Taehyung feels tears pooling in the corners of his eyes and presses his face into the pillow beneath him to hide them from Jeongguk, who would no doubt make fun of him for being so wrecked so soon. Just as Taehyung predicted, Jeongguk grabs a handful of the elder's hair to pull his face away from the pillow.

"Look at you, crying already just from a few fingers," the younger's fingers rub deep inside Taehyung to emphasize his point. Taehyung sobs in pleasure. "Maybe we should stop here, if you're this fucked out

already. I wouldn't want you to be overwhelmed."

Jeongguk pulls his fingers out of Taehyung, hands rubbing the elder's back gently as if he actually believes the words coming out of his mouth. Taehyung's eyes widen and he pushes himself up on his hands to face Jeongguk.

"No, please, I want it," Taehyung babbles. Jeongguk's hands are kneading his plump ass cheeks, and though it is soothing, Taehyung needs to feel Jeongguk inside of him.

"Want what, angel?" Taehyung tries to respond, but his words are cut off as Jeongguk tugs his loose t-shirt over his head, intentionally flexing so Taehyung can fully admire his muscles. "Use that pretty mouth or I won't be able to give you what you want."

Jeongguk pushes his sweats and boxers off easily and Taehyung gulps at the sight of his erection springing out of the gray joggers. "Want to feel you inside me, fill me up, please."

"Would that make you feel good, baby?" Jeongguk scoots back up to Taehyung to grab both of his hips in his hands, pressing his cock between the elder's cheeks. Taehyung grinds his hips against it on instinct, but Jeongguk doesn't discourage him this time, meeting him halfway and using his hands to aid him in the motion.

"Y-yes, please, Jeonggukkie," Taehyung gasps, voice breathy, finally being able to feel Jeongguk against him with nothing between them. The warmth of the younger's erection sets a fire in his belly, one that only gets hotter the longer he has to wait. There's more than enough lube left over from Jeongguk's fingers for the younger to slip inside, so Taehyung angles his hips to try to get Jeongguk inside of him. The younger's tip snags on his hole and Taehyung groans, but Jeongguk catches on and pulls away before they can go any farther with a light

slap to Taehyung's butt cheek.

"Ah-ah. Don't make me punish you again." Jeongguk smirks at the petulant whine that leaves Taehyung's lips. He takes the discarded bottle of lube and squirts a long line along the length of his erection, intentionally taking his time because he knows Taehyung is listening in anticipation. Jeongguk grabs his dick with one hand to rub the tip of it around Taehyung's hole. "Since you've been good I'll fuck you now, but you aren't allowed to come until I do."

Taehyung whines, unclear whether he's excited to finally get pounded or disappointed that he has to wait. He doesn't have long to think about it before Jeongguk is thrusting slowly inside, *finally*. The younger pushes all the way in, working it in slowly to feel every bit of Taehyung clenching around him. They groan simultaneously when Jeongguk snaps his hips the rest of the way inside.

"Is this what you wanted, huh?" Jeongguk pulls back and snaps back in, watching Taehyung's body sway with the action. He repeats the motion, earning a deep moan from Taehyung, whose head is dangling limply from his shoulders. "Wanna get fucked like this? Fucked from behind like a dog?"

"Yes, please, more," Taehyung breathes, his voice shaking with each harsh thrust from his boyfriend. The younger's grip on his hips tightens to pull Taehyung harder into him, the beginnings of bruises forming on golden skin. Jeongguk puts all his strength into jerking his hips into Taehyung, reveling in the way the older boy moans and pants with each thrust.

A particularly hard thrust angled just right causes Taehyung's arms to give out and his face to fall into the pillow again. This time Jeongguk continues focusing on fucking Taehyung into the mattress. He snaps his hips faster, working himself into Taehyung so he can still hear the elder's moans through the fluff of the pillow. The arch of Taehyung's back angles his hips for Jeongguk to hit him just right, Jeongguk

sliding deep and fast. Taehyung mouths mindlessly at the pillow beneath him, whimpers escaping his mouth uninhibited and drool forming a wet spot on the fabric.

“Look at you,” Jeongguk groans, voice deep and gravelly, controlling the pace of his hips to a languid push and pull, “such a mess for me.”

Taehyung tilts his head so he can just barely see his boyfriend out of the corner of his eye. His eyes are barely open, face still pressed into the pillow, lips swollen, red, and slick with spit. Jeongguk practically growls as he bends himself to lay his chest against the elder’s back. He moves his hands to rest on Taehyung’s lower abdomen, so close to his leaking erection but not touching, using his hands to guide Taehyung’s hips back onto him. Taehyung can barely move with the weight of Jeongguk on top of him, but it only increases his arousal, his cock twitching between his legs, gone untouched this entire time. He feels like he could cum any second, he’s just waiting for Jeongguk to give him the okay. Even without Jeongguk’s permission, Taehyung doesn’t think he’ll be able to hold back much longer, but the thought of coming without Jeongguk allowing him and the punishment that would ensue makes him clench his whole body and will the urge away.

“Gukkie, I’m so close,” Taehyung warns. Jeongguk feels Taehyung’s walls clench tightly around him as the elder tries with all his might not to come, grunting as the pressure makes it a bit harder to fuck into him.

“Fuck, baby, your gripping my cock so tight.” Taehyung whimpers at Jeongguk’s words spoken right into his ear, the deep breathy voice he loves so much. “Are you gonna come, baby?”

Taehyung squeezes his eyes shut. He can’t let Jeongguk’s voice get to him, the slow drag of the younger’s cock and the built up tension like molten lava in his tummy.

“N-not until you let me,” Taehyung pants, his legs so weak the only thing keeping him upright are the hands splayed comfortably on his stomach. “I’m your good boy.”

“My good boy,” Jeongguk echoes without hesitation, snapping his hips one last time before he pulls out entirely. Taehyung whines at the emptiness, more tears escaping his eyes, the lack of warmth suddenly making him feel helpless and lost.

Jeongguk splays a hand on the elder’s back as he quickly sits with his back against the headboard. Once he’s settled he pulls Taehyung by the hips to sit on his lap. He looks up into the elder’s eyes, gently tucking a rogue strand of sweat-matted hair behind Taehyung’s ear as he speaks again, “Ride me, angel. Make me come and I’ll let you come, too, okay?”

Taehyung simply nods, not trusting his voice to speak over the tears. He gulps back the tears, trying to collect himself before he sits up and guides Jeongguk’s cock to his entrance. His thighs quiver as he lowers himself, both moaning as Taehyung sits on the younger’s cock. Taehyung places his hands on Jeongguk’s shoulders to help lift himself, but he still struggles with how shaky his legs are. Jeongguk doesn’t put any effort into helping him, though, just rests his hands on Taehyung’s ass, kneading the flesh appreciatively, taking in the sight of Taehyung’s glistening eyes and his puffy lips.

“So beautiful,” Jeongguk murmurs to himself, almost as if he didn’t mean to say it out loud. Taehyung lifts himself and drops down, whimpering at how deep Jeongguk reaches in this position. “Gonna fill you so nicely, baby.”

Taehyung wraps his arms around Jeongguk’s neck and buries his face in the younger’s collarbone, using all of his strength to quicken the movement of his hips. He leaves wet kisses on the younger’s shoulder

where his mouth can reach, little high pitched noises falling out of his mouth. “Want you to come inside me. Please, Guk.”

He does his best to keep lifting himself and dropping down onto Jeongguk’s cock, but he’s so high strung and fucked out. His thighs give out on him, sitting weakly in Jeongguk’s lap. After a second passes and Jeongguk doesn’t make any move to help, Taehyung circles his hips, grinding in Jeongguk’s lap. The tip of the younger’s cock rubs perfectly against his spot and Taehyung sobs into Jeongguk’s ear. “Please, Jeongguk, please.”

Jeongguk laughs, hands moving to Taehyung’s hips and working the elder onto his cock, still not thrusting into him, but the movement makes Taehyung moan breathlessly. “You’re so weak, can’t even make me come.”

Taehyung whines. “Jeonggukkie— can’t. I can’t, please.”

Jeongguk snaps his hips up into Taehyung, the elder’s body going limp in his arms with a shocked moan. “Do you want me to help you, baby? Should I fuck you until I come inside of you?”

Taehyung whispers *pleasepleaseplease*, arms tightening around the younger’s neck, holding on as Jeongguk snaps his hips again. The younger wraps his arms around Taehyung’s middle and shifts them so Taehyung is on his back, head resting in the pillows.

As soon as Taehyung is laid down Jeongguk lets loose, fucking into Taehyung fast and sloppy, chasing his release. Taehyung can’t even make any noise at this point, mouth open and eyes squeezed shut. His arms fall limply on either side of his head, legs held open by both of Jeongguk’s hands, one on either thigh. Jeongguk reaches up with one hand to wipe a tear from the elder’s cheek, the gentleness of the gesture contrasting starkly with the relentless pace of his thrusts. The

younger entwines the hand with Taehyung's afterwards, feeling himself get close, pushing himself harder into Taehyung.

"Fuck, Tae, I'm close." Jeongguk slides his other hand up Taehyung's thigh, moving to rub his flat palm along the length of Taehyung's cock. Taehyung's body jerks and his hand weakly slaps the younger's hand away from his erection.

"No, no, I'll come," he babbles. He's been on edge for so long and Jeongguk's hand nearly pushed him over the edge.

"You can't, not until I fill you up first," Jeongguk growls. He wraps his arm around Taehyung's waist instead, using it to pull Taehyung into him. His thrusts get sloppy and the pace uneven as he feels himself get closer and closer. Taehyung's whines fuel him as he pumps into the elder as fast as he can.

It only takes Jeongguk a few more thrusts before he's releasing into Taehyung, his hips stalling deep in the elder as he tips over the edge. His hips stutter, cum spilling into Taehyung. Jeongguk fucks Taehyung through it, riding out his orgasm, making sure Taehyung feels every inch of him as he pulses inside of him.

"Jeongguk, Jeongguk," Taehyung gasps, the hand holding Jeongguk's squeezing tight, the other a death grip on the younger's shoulder, "Jeongguk, please, can I come, I'm gonna come."

Jeongguk holds Taehyung tighter, fucking into Taehyung as the feeling becomes unbearable, but he won't stop until his baby finishes. "Yes, baby, you can come. You've been so good for me."

Taehyung whines as he comes, thick cum spurting out of his cock onto his abdomen, stomach clenched and so pretty. "That's a good boy. Let

it all out.”

Jeongguk rolls his hips smoothly into Taehyung, milking the last bits of their orgasm, watching Taehyung squirm and gasp for breath. “So pretty, so messy.”

Taehyung’s body shakes, overstimulated, gasping for air. “Jeongguk, please.”

The younger keeps working his hips into Taehyung. They’re both sensitive, Taehyung’s cock weakly releasing another spurt of cum onto his belly. Taehyung’s hand shakily pats Jeongguk’s shoulder a few times before he catches his breath to speak up. “Stop, stop, too much.”

Jeongguk chuckles, snapping his hips one more time to see Taehyung shiver and hear the choked moan in response, before finally pulling his cock out. Taehyung’s body still shakes as Jeongguk gently runs his fingers in the cum dripping out of the elder’s hole, indulgently pushing two fingers inside to feel the wetness. He watches the elder’s entrance clench and relax around his fingers a few times, crooking his fingers once before pulling them back out and admiring Taehyung’s gaping hole.

“I might get hard again,” Jeongguk half jokes (half jokes because Taehyung is so hot and his dick twitches watching his cum leak out of the elder’s entrance).

Taehyung eyes the younger lazily from where he lays limp on the pillows. “Don’t you dare.”

The younger runs his hands softly over Taehyung’s legs, keeping a safe distance from anything too sensitive to keep the touch soothing. Once Taehyung’s body is relaxed and his breathing is steady and even,

Jeongguk jogs to the bathroom for a warm towel. He cleans his boyfriend as carefully and thoroughly as he can without moving the elder too much or provoking him further, then swipes it over himself and throws it in the hamper. Taehyung usually takes at least twenty minutes to fully recover and return to his usual playful self, and Jeongguk loves these moments to simply cuddle and care for his boyfriend.

They lay together in bed for awhile, Taehyung's leg thrown over both of Jeongguk's, head resting on the younger's bicep. "You know, I love your muscles, but they're really not that comfortable to lay on."

Jeongguk's eyes widen, and he throws as much of a tantrum as one can with a full grown man laying on top of him. "I'm sorry, do you not want to lay on me anymore?"

The younger makes like he's going to get up and Taehyung whines and latches onto Jeongguk with both hands. "No, come back, I love you."

Jeongguk's eyes widen again, this time for a completely different reason. It's silent for a moment before Taehyung realizes what exactly he said. Shock spreads across his face and Taehyung starts babbling without realizing. "I mean— you— I—"

"Tae," Jeongguk cuts him off. There's a wide smile on his face that calms the nerves in Taehyung's stomach. "I love you, too."

“I’m telling you, you really should talk to him about it.”

Jimin sits across from Taehyung at the coffee shop between Jimin’s apartment and Taehyung’s house. The look on his face is concerned and Taehyung avoids his eyes by feigning interest in the cafe worker placing fresh pastries in the display window.

“I thought we already discussed this, Jimin.” Taehyung glances back at his best friend. He’s tired of this topic coming up in discussion with anybody who knows his boyfriend. “Jeongguk is a good kid.”

“You aren’t even a little bit curious?” Jimin leans forward on the table to rest his chin in his hands. Taehyung knows he’s doing it to appear innocent and Taehyung also knows that couldn’t be farther from the truth. “Sure, he treats you right, but don’t you ever wonder how all those rumors started?”

“I trust my boyfriend, Jimin.”

Jimin squints his eyes at Taehyung. They’ve talked about this before, and Jimin has seen Taehyung and Jeongguk together on numerous occasions, in fact he sees Jeongguk almost every day of the week since they’ve been going out. He knows that Jeongguk has been loving and doting and the picture of a perfect boyfriend, at least as far as he can see. But the way people talked about Jeongguk before he started dating Taehyung always sits at the back of his mind. He wonders where it all came from, if there’s some truth to the rumors. Surely Taehyung has thought the same thing. “I know you trust him, and even if the rumors were true, I don’t think he acts that way anymore. But don’t you think you two should talk about it?”

Taehyung contemplates. Early in their relationship Taehyung thought

about those rumors occasionally, wondering about their validity. It never came up in conversation, and Taehyung has always believed that actions speak louder than words. After awhile, Jeongguk had been nothing but good to Taehyung, and sure they've had a few petty arguments, but they've always resolved it through communication and understanding. Taehyung has since stopped thinking about it, not needing to know if Jeongguk really was a player a year ago because Jeongguk wouldn't act that way now.

After several moments of silence, Taehyung sighs. He gets up to throw his empty paper cup in the garbage before he answers. "If it comes up in conversation, I'll ask him, ok? Just so you can stop worrying about it."

Jimin looks at him for a second. Taehyung knows he wants to say something more, but thankfully his best friend just nods. "Ok, Tae."

That weekend, Taehyung spends the night at Jeongguk's apartment. Jeongguk had called early in the afternoon on Saturday to tell Taehyung he had the urge to cook dinner for him and that he'd pick Taehyung up soon so they could go to the grocery store and shop for ingredients together. Taehyung had easily agreed, and so here they are at the store arguing about which vegetables are best when making fried rice.

"I can't believe you want to put *pineapple* in our fried rice!"

Jeongguk pushes the cart away from the display of pineapples, dodging Taehyung's hands when he attempts to pull him back. The elder squawks when Jeongguk gets away, shuffling indignantly after

his boyfriend. "Pineapple is a delicious addition; when cooked the flavor is so intense!"

"Tae, my mom sent me a box of her homemade kimchi, I told you I was planning on making kimchi fried rice."

"Then why are we even here? All you need is kimchi and rice." Taehyung hands Jeongguk a plastic bag when the younger selects an onion from the pile.

"I'm out of onion and the only drink I have at home is beer," Jeongguk replies. He puts the onion in the bag along with a bulb of garlic. Taehyung scrunches his nose and follows Jeongguk when he starts walking in the direction of the drink aisle. "I need to get groceries because my fridge is empty."

Taehyung walks through the drink aisle, eyeing up his options and ultimately deciding on a 12 pack of Sprite. He bends over to lift a box from the bottom shelf, and before he realizes the position he's in, Jeongguk leans over to give his ass a firm pat. Taehyung jolts up and drops the Sprite in the cart before smacking Jeongguk's bicep. "We are in public, young man!"

Jeongguk dodges Taehyung's attack, laughing and running down the aisle away from his boyfriend. "And you're my boyfriend with a hot piece of ass."

They both giggle as they run down the aisle before Jeongguk ultimately succumbs and lets himself be caught by Taehyung. The elder jumps and hangs off of Jeongguk's shoulders just as an old lady turns the corner into the aisle. They both look up at her wide-eyed and ready to be scolded, but the lady just snorts and moves on.

Jeongguk walks back to their cart with Taehyung still draped on his shoulders, eyeing up the several items in their cart, contemplating. "Should we buy anything else?"

Taehyung pops off the younger's shoulders, shaking his head. "I don't need anything else."

They check out at the self-checkout, Jeongguk scanning the items and handing them to Taehyung to bag. Taehyung collects the few bags they have while Jeongguk pays, and pouts when Jeongguk takes most of them out of his hands once he's done. Jeongguk placates him easily by interlocking their fingers as they walk to Jeongguk's car.

When they get back to Jeongguk's apartment, Jeongguk shoos Taehyung away from the kitchen, telling him to find something to watch and relax. Taehyung initially resists, but Jeongguk makes a good case, claiming that there isn't much to be done when making fried rice. He goes to sit in the living room like Jeongguk instructed him, grabbing the blanket and pillows that Jeongguk keeps set on the side of the couch and getting comfortable.

A few minutes later, Taehyung is sprawled on the couch watching hamster videos on YouTube when Jeongguk comes out of the kitchen with two frosty beer glasses. He hands the one with fizzy Sprite to Taehyung and places his own beer filled one on the coffee table. "Dinner is almost done, just have to add the rice."

Taehyung nods in acknowledgment as he accepts the glass, sitting up to take a sip while the drink is at its coldest. Jeongguk leans over to drop a warm kiss on the elder's forehead before heading back to the kitchen. Another few minutes of gentle sizzling from the kitchen and the fried rice is finished. The younger comes into the living room again with two piping hot bowls of fried rice. Taehyung gets up to retrieve the tray of side dishes he sees waiting on the counter, but Jeongguk pushes him down before he gets too far. "I'm already up, let me get it."

The elder pouts and sits on the couch, watching Jeongguk come back with the tray. “Let me help you.”

“Next time,” Jeongguk replies, as if he ever allows Taehyung to lift a finger when he’s in one of his *moods*— the mood where he spoils Taehyung rotten just for the heck of it. Taehyung would complain more, maybe feel bad that Jeongguk always does so much for him, if Taehyung didn’t have the same urges himself. The days when Taehyung places a box (or three) of banana milk in his boyfriend’s hands and wraps his arms around the younger, plays with his long hair and lets him be the little spoon are just as common as days like today. They pamper one and other and love each other to the point where other people look at them and wish they had a relationship like Taehyung and Jeongguk’s. They’re the couple on the internet that everyone shares their photo with the caption *relationship goals*. Taehyung’s twitter page, full of photos he’s captured of Jeongguk, videos Jeongguk has taken when Taehyung isn’t paying attention, the occasional selfie when Taehyung wants to share his love with the world, is proof that everyone loves their relationship just as much as Taehyung and Jeongguk do.

But they don’t do it for the likes and comments on the internet, or to appear like the image of the perfect couple everyone thinks they are. It just comes naturally. This is the way they show their love for each other, openly and blatantly without reservation. There was a time when Taehyung was scared of their relationship, too worried about what other people might think about him, and he never wants to return to those days again. Jeongguk is his love, his whole heart, and he deserves someone that supports him and takes pride in him. Taehyung does his best to give his boyfriend everything he deserves, and in return, Jeongguk does the same for him.

They eat their kimchi fried rice while watching scary conspiracy videos on YouTube. It’s relatively quiet except for the occasional skeptical comment or mind-blown gasp, Jeongguk and Taehyung sharing a blanket and sitting so close their thighs touch. Its moments like these when Taehyung’s ability to use both hands comes in handy,

eating with his left hand so they can stay comfortably glued together. They stay cuddled on the couch after they're finished, leaving the bowls on the coffee table to be dealt with when they feel like getting up. For now, Taehyung is content right here, legs pulled up to his chest under the blanket and head resting on Jeongguk's shoulder. Jeongguk has one of Taehyung's hands between both of his, fingers mindlessly drawing patterns into his palm while they stare at the t.v.

It's during a quiet moment of the video, when the two boys on screen are stopped in the middle of a dark road listening for any noises that Taehyung's phone vibrates on the table. He can see Jimin's contact name from where he's sitting, so he leans forward to bring the screen closer. As soon as he sees the words *ask* and *Jeongguk*, Taehyung jumps, mind brought back to their conversation from the other day.

As if he couldn't be any more conspicuous, Taehyung leans forward and quickly places his phone back on the coffee table, face down. Jeongguk gives him a strange look when Taehyung settles back against him, but Taehyung brushes him off with a forced smile he hopes the younger can't see right through. The phone vibrates against the table several more times, but Taehyung resolutely keeps his eyes on the t.v., even as he feels Jeongguk side-eyeing him. After what feels like hours (it's only about ten minutes), his phone stops vibrating with messages, and they finish the current video in peace. Taehyung gets up to pee when the screen starts counting down to the next video, leaving Jeongguk to pause it while he waits for Taehyung.

Taehyung does his business quickly. He stares into the mirror while he washes his hands, giving himself a mini pep talk, telling himself to just get it over with. It's not that big of a deal, Taehyung doesn't really care, and he's sure Jeongguk will be honest with him. He's not scared of Jeongguk's answer; regardless of the validity of the rumors, he knows Jeongguk now and that is what matters. He's just afraid of how Jeongguk will think, if he'll take Taehyung's questioning as doubt in the younger's character. Taehyung knows his fear is irrational, that they can— and *have*— talk openly and honestly with each other about anything, and this is no different, but he still feels it, nonetheless.

He goes back to the living room, crawling back into Jeongguk's open arms, still sitting on the couch. As soon as Jeongguk's arms close around Taehyung's waist, effectively trapping him, Jeongguk speaks up. "So what is it that you're supposed to ask me?"

Taehyung freezes. *How does he know?*

"Your phone kept buzzing while you were in the bathroom. I'm sorry for looking, but it felt like you were hiding something from me, with how you were acting earlier."

Taehyung tilts his head up so he can look Jeongguk in the eyes. "It's not really a big deal, its just," he pauses, looking down at his hands resting in Jeongguk's lap, "Jimin keeps bugging me to ask you. I really don't care, honestly, but he keeps asking me and it makes me curious and—"

"I'm always honest with you, aren't I? Just ask me." Jeongguk looks a little irritated, his brows furrowed ever so slightly, lips pursed just enough for Taehyung to notice. It makes Taehyung even more nervous, but he can't avoid the situation any longer.

"Did you... were those rumors true about you?" Taehyung gazes up at Jeongguk, awaiting an answer.

"The rumors?" Jeongguk asks, eyes widening in shock. "You mean the ones about me, like, sleeping with lots of people? Or like being an asshole."

Taehyung chuckles fondly. "You could never be an asshole. You're too much of a baby."

Jeongguk growls playfully, tugging Taehyung into his lap. “I mean the short explanation is that they’re not really true.”

“What’s the long explanation?”

Jeongguk leans his head back against the couch, taking a deep breath, still making eye contact with Taehyung. “It all started with this girl freshman year. She liked me, and I could tell she did, but I was inexperienced and didn’t really know how to tell her no. She confessed to me one day, and obviously I’m gay as fuck, so I rejected her. But you know how shy I can get, and I was even worse then, so it came out a little harsh.”

Taehyung hums in understanding. He’s introduced Jeongguk to a few friends since they’ve been in a relationship, and he’s seen the gradual way Jeongguk opens up to people. “And she told everyone about it?”

“Yeah,” the younger sighs. “She told everyone how mean I am, that I never paid her any attention and eventually broke her heart. I guess my fashion sense made it believable, and suddenly I had this bad boy reputation.”

“I like your bad boy look, though,” Taehyung comments thoughtfully. “Your thighs are sinful in skinny jeans.”

The younger laughs, running his hands up and down Taehyung’s back. “Any other questions for me?”

“What about the clubbing and girls?”

“I like to dance and Hoseok and Jin are party animals.” Jeongguk

shrugs. "People just assume if you're at a club, you're getting smashed and tryna fuck."

"Jeongguk! Oh my goodness," Taehyung smacks Jeongguk's shoulder with one hand. "I can't believe everyone thought so poorly of you. You're my sweet little cinnamon roll."

Jeongguk scrunches his nose. "You're sweeter."

Taehyung laughs so hard he collapses into Jeongguk, fists weakly hitting Jeongguk's chest. Jeongguk holds him tight and laughs along, eyes unbearably fond when Taehyung sits back up to look at him. "Do you want a taste?"

Jeongguk smiles as he leans in to press a languid kiss on his boyfriend's lips. "Always."

Taehyung is uncomfortable. The wood of the pew feels harsher than usual and the sermon he usually enjoys listening to every Sunday is impossible to focus on today. All because Taehyung hadn't gone to the bathroom before his family left for church, hasn't gone at all, in fact, since he went to bed the night before. He would be fidgeting more if his mom didn't already smack his thigh, warning him to stop bouncing his leg and distracting her from mass. Jeongguk hasn't texted him since last night, when they discussed in detail what they planned to do today. This is something that has come with the maturation of their relationship, having been together for almost a year now: whenever they decide to try something new during sex, they always talk through the whole scene and plan everything out in advance, down to the date

and time and all the preparations.

Jeongguk suggested the talks soon after they started dating, apologizing for not talking to Taehyung about overstimulating him their first time together. Taehyung reassured Jeongguk that he doesn't think negatively of the experience, that he's always felt comfortable verbalizing how he feels with the younger, but they both easily agreed that anything new or anything that could be heavily physically draining will always be discussed openly beforehand. With big plans like this, they both appreciate the thoughtfulness that goes into the planning, making sure they will both feel comfortable, that they'll have more than enough time to cuddle and tend to each other afterwards.

The last message Taehyung received from Jeongguk told him *you aren't allowed to pee unless I give you permission, angel*. Taehyung knows his boyfriend is still asleep right now, and he curses the younger for being able to relax while Taehyung is struggling. He knows even if the younger were awake he wouldn't give Taehyung the relief, and he doesn't really want it either, just wishes he had someone to complain to. He even drank his morning tea during the drive to church because his boyfriend told him to act normal, and he wants to be good for Jeongguk.

It's when they're standing in line to receive communion that he finally feels his phone vibrate in his pocket. *What perfect timing*, Taehyung thinks, taking the chalice from the priest and sipping the wine. There's just enough time to check his text while he walks back to their seat in the back.

my heart

good morning baby

how's mass?

Taehyung chuckles to himself, *you know how I feel right now, kid.*

long

my mom hit me for fidgeting

my heart

sit still

be a good boy

can't have you disturbing other people's holy day because you want to be a messy baby

Taehyung squeezes his thighs together without even realizing. His mom makes her way back to her seat beside him, so he slips his phone back into his pocket, willing himself to sit through the last portion of the mass. There's a slight shakiness to his body that he tries his best to hide. Between that and the urge to bounce his legs to avoid pissing himself in the middle of church, Taehyung has no chance of paying attention to the priest standing at the altar.

There is one close call, when Taehyung really, truly believes he's about to make a mess of himself like a primary schooler in front of everyone, but he manages to survive the rest of mass. He shuffles back and forth on his feet impatiently while he waits for his parents to give their greetings to several family friends.

Jeongguk texts him once to tell Taehyung he's leaving to meet Taehyung and his family at the diner for brunch, a routine they've fallen into in the last few months. Taehyung and Jeongguk want to spend the weekends together, and Taehyung's family complained that they don't see Jeongguk enough. Jeongguk offered once to pick Taehyung up from church and from there he was invited to join the family for food. Now Jeongguk meets the Kims for brunch on every Sunday he's free. Taehyung doesn't expect more texts from Jeongguk

while he's driving (the younger tried to send a text to his mom while at a red light once and Taehyung threatened to get out of the car—from then on Jeongguk promises to obey the law). He just does his best to act natural and encourage his parents to get moving because they don't want to keep Jeongguk waiting.

At long last, Taehyung's family arrives at the diner. Jeongguk is already sitting at the big booth in the corner, face buried in a menu as if he doesn't order the same thing every week. Taehyung slides into the booth, intentionally smooshing his body right up against the younger's to get his attention. Jeongguk gives his boyfriend a knowing look before turning to Taehyung's family with a smile that's far too innocent for what they've planned for today.

"Good morning, Mister and Missus Kim," he greets cheerfully. Taehyung's parents return the sentiment as they sit down. Jeongguk turns to Taehyung, voice lowering with a hint of dominance, unnoticeable to anyone but Taehyung. "I ordered you hot tea since you mentioned your throat was sore this morning."

Taehyung's throat is just fine. Before he can say anything in response, the waitress arrives at their table to take their order. They all order their food since they don't need time to decide, Taehyung thanking God they will be able to get out of here faster. Jeongguk mixes cream and sugar into the mug of tea sitting in front of Taehyung, ever the helpful and caring boyfriend. When he's done, he nudges the glass towards Taehyung, a silent order. Taehyung brings the mug to his lips to take a sip.

"Do you boys have anything special planned for today?" Taehyung's mom always asks, regardless that the answer is usually just relaxing and catching up on homework.

Taehyung gulps down another mouthful before answering her. “No, just the usual. I have an assignment to finish for tomorrow’s class.”

This is a lie. Taehyung finished all of his assignments in the last two days for the express reason to have all of today free. Jeongguk did the same to ensure his full attention could be on his boyfriend. His mom nods in acknowledgment, none the wiser.

They break into casual conversation while they wait for their food. Jeongguk has grown comfortable with his boyfriend’s parents, joining them as if he were a part of the family. Taehyung is always so happy to see the people he loves getting along together. He knows that Jeongguk’s relationship with his own parents is rocky, so he’s glad the younger is able to experience the warm family life that Taehyung grew up with and fit seamlessly into it like he belongs here. Taehyung thinks they really do belong together.

The wait for their brunch isn’t long, the waitress coming back with their dishes less than twenty minutes later. Taehyung looks at his plate of pancakes hungrily, grateful for the distraction from how desperately he needs to pee. Jeongguk reaches over with the pot of hot water to top off Taehyung’s mug— Taehyung *really* thought he could get away with one cup— giving Taehyung a look that says *drink up*. Taehyung tries not to sound too distressed when he sighs, reaching to take a sip before digging into his food.

Conversation dies down to short bits in between bites of food as the family eats. Every few bites Jeongguk nudges Taehyung’s thigh, an encouragement to take another sip of tea. At this point Taehyung has gone mostly silent, only speaking when someone asks him a question. He can’t make his fidgeting too obvious or his mom will start to question him, and Jeongguk gives him a scolding look when he tries to discreetly put pressure on his dick to relieve some of the tension.

Taehyung has finished his plate of chocolate chip pancakes and taken the last sip of tea when he leans his head on Jeongguk’s shoulder.

They're still waiting on Taehyung's mom and Jeongguk to finish their meals, his mom having been the one to carry on the conversation when everyone focused on their food (he knows Jeongguk is just doing it to taunt him). The waitress stops by to drop off the check and ask if they need boxes for takeout. Jeongguk asks Taehyung if he'd like another cup of tea, making Taehyung lose a bit of his composure when he shakes his head frantically. Another drop of liquid and Taehyung knows he'd piss his pants.

Jeongguk manages to stall another five minutes by playfully arguing over who will pay for their brunch, ultimately winning by distracting Taehyung's father with a question about his tie. Jeongguk strides over to the cash register while Taehyung and his family get ready to leave.

"Alright, well, have fun at Jeongguk's," Taehyung's mother starts. "I'm sure you'll probably be there for awhile, but just text me later what your plans are."

Taehyung nods, swallowing the whine building in his throat to answer her. "Yeah, I think we'll get take out. I might even stay the night and head to class with Gukkie in the morning."

His parents nod in understanding. When Jeongguk is finished paying, they head out the door together, parting ways since Jeongguk parked on the opposite side of the parking lot. As soon as they're both in the car, Taehyung collapses in his seat, body wiggling with the effort of holding it in. Jeongguk doesn't acknowledge him, buckling his seat belt and starting the car. The younger only looks in Taehyung's direction to check he's wearing his seat belt before he begins pulling out of the parking space. Taehyung lets out a whine at the lack of response.

"Gukkie, please," he begs. Jeongguk navigates them out of the parking lot.

“Please, what?”

Taehyung reaches a hand down to grasp at his dick, wondering if he’s even going to make it to the younger’s apartment. “Hurry home. I can’t hold it anymore.”

“You will,” Jeongguk states, eyes not moving from the road. Taehyung shivers at the demanding tone. “Do you know how expensive this car is? That’s Italian leather you’re sitting on.”

Taehyung fidgets, feeling Jeongguk’s eyes on him. They’re stopped at a red light, and Taehyung pouts at having to wait longer. The light turns green and Jeongguk steps on the gas pedal just a little too hard, no doubt trying to get a rise out of Taehyung. The jolt of the car accelerating shocks the elder, and he almost lets a little bit go before he tenses up again. The rest of the ride to Jeongguk’s apartment is smooth with few stops, Taehyung’s desperate whines filling the car.

As soon as Jeongguk puts the car in park in the lot in front of his building, Taehyung unbuckles his seat belt and rushes to the elevator. The younger catches up in the time it takes for the doors to open, chuckling at how frantic Taehyung is, legs clenched together and repeatedly pressing the button for Jeongguk’s floor.

“That’s not gonna make it go any faster, sweetheart,” Jeongguk laughs. Warmth pools in his belly at the mocking tone in Jeongguk’s voice. Taehyung feels embarrassed, but it would be worse if he made a mess in the elevator. He manages to make it to Jeongguk’s floor, pacing to the younger’s apartment and eyeing the younger incredulously when he takes his sweet time unlocking the door.

Taehyung pushes his way into the apartment as soon as Jeongguk turns the door knob. The younger chuckles, following him inside. “Why are you in such a rush, angel?”

Taehyung wordlessly stands in the middle of the living room, squirming, unsure what to do. He desperately needs the bathroom, but Jeongguk hasn't told him what to do.

"Can I get you something to drink?" There's a smug look in Jeongguk's eyes as he says this. He already knows the answer, but he makes to go to the kitchen just to see Taehyung panic.

"No!" Taehyung yelps, shaking his head. "No, please."

Jeongguk makes his way back to where Taehyung is standing. He runs his hands up and down Taehyung's arms, a soothing action that doesn't match the sadistic look in his eyes. Taehyung cups his hands over his crotch, finally able to hold himself like he's needed to for hours. "Jeonggukkie, please."

The younger pats Taehyung's head, not responding to his pleas. "Let's get you into something a little more comfortable, yeah?"

Without any further words, Jeongguk leaves Taehyung to fetch the faded blue boxers already sitting at the foot of his bed. Taehyung watches him wide-eyed, not sure what to do, hands gripping his half hard dick, legs quivering. Jeongguk returns soon enough, a soft look in his eyes as he approaches his boyfriend. "Here, put these on."

Taehyung reaches for the boxers, but his hands return to holding himself almost as soon as they leave. He turns wide puppy eyes up to Jeongguk, but the younger is still holding the boxers out to him, eyes stern, looking down on Taehyung where he is crouched over. Taehyung reaches one hand out and grabs the boxers from his boyfriend. He takes a deep breath, steadying himself, before he straightens and hurriedly undoes his belt buckle. As difficult as it is to

even stand straight, Taehyung admittedly does not want to piss all over his Sunday Best. He didn't wear any of his favorite clothes today (*just in case*), but he still would rather avoid soiling his slacks. So Taehyung unzips his slacks, not bothering to take the belt out of the loops, and shoves his pants and briefs off as quickly as possible. He thinks he's doing alright until the free space around his dick now serves as an apparent signal to his bladder that it's *time to go*. Taehyung whimpers and bends over, grasping himself to stop anything from coming out.

Jeongguk looks on from the side, gaze intense as he watches Taehyung squeeze his eyes shut. After a moment, the elder collects himself. He straightens up again to quickly tug the old boxers up his legs. Once the boxers are in place on his hips, Taehyung reaches for the top button of his dress shirt, pausing to ask, "This too?"

"Just the boxers, baby," Jeongguk responds. To Taehyung's surprise, the younger steps forward and helps undo the buttons on Taehyung's shirt. He pushes the material off the elder's shoulders, collecting the shirt and pants and placing them on the couch to be dealt with later. When he turns back around, Taehyung's hands are pressed between his legs again, eyes following Jeongguk as he walks across the room. "Don't touch yourself."

Taehyung looks at Jeongguk in shock for a moment, regretfully moving his hands away from his crotch. Jeongguk leans forward to press a chaste kiss to his boyfriend's lips. Taehyung follows after the younger's lips, trying to deepen the kiss, but Jeongguk pulls away. "Good boy."

The younger trails his hands from Taehyung's shoulders down his chest, grazing the elder's nipples. Taehyung moans and squirms, hands reaching for his dick before remembering he isn't allowed to hold himself. He settles for gripping the hem of his boxers instead. "G-guk, I can't."

Jeongguk tweaks his nipples, watching as Taehyung's knees buckle. He trails his hands farther down to rest on the elder's stomach.

"You can't?" Jeongguk repeats, a teasing lilt to his voice. He lightly rubs circles over Taehyung's tummy with one hand, waiting for a response. Just as Taehyung opens his mouth, Jeongguk presses down with the palm of his hand, right over Taehyung's bladder.

"No!" Taehyung bends over, hands clenching his boxers. He keeps chanting *nonono*, eyes shut tight, legs shaking.

Jeongguk chuckles above him. "Can't what, baby? Use your words."

Taehyung sobs and curls into a ball, squatting on the floor. "I can't hold it."

"Stand up," Jeongguk instructs. Taehyung shakes his head defiantly. "Don't you want to be good?"

Taehyung pauses. After a moment, he stands up, legs still a bit bent, but he looks into the younger's eyes. "I'll pee," he whines, voice small and embarrassed.

"You're gonna pee?" Jeongguk asks, as if he really doesn't know. As if they haven't planned this for weeks, as if he didn't force Taehyung to down two cups of tea when he was already desperate. "Are you gonna make a mess all over my floor?"

"Y-yeah." Taehyung nods, trying to convey how desperate he is to Jeongguk. The younger hardly reacts, and it just makes Taehyung whine again. He opens his mouth to say something else, but a bit of

pee dribbles out of his dick. Without thinking, Taehyung squeezes a hand over the tip, knees buckling from the effort to make it stop. Jeongguk leans down to meet Taehyung's eye, hand grabbing the elder's wrist to pull it away from his crotch.

"Look at you," he starts, eyes shifting down to see a wet spot over the tip of Taehyung's cock. "Such a messy baby."

Taehyung whimpers, legs shaking as another dribble of pee makes its way out, adding to the wet spot. He moves to cover it with his free hand, but Jeongguk is quick to grab that wrist, too, holding both hands away from the elder's crotch. Taehyung places most of his weight on Jeongguk, legs too weak to hold himself up further. Jeongguk takes it in stride, supporting his boyfriend with a smirk on his lips. "So desperate you can't even stop yourself."

Another leak has tears springing to Taehyung's eyes, looking at Jeongguk with a pleading gaze, shame causing a blush to rise high on his cheeks. The wet spot grows bigger as another leak dribbles out, a bit running down Taehyung's thigh. With no way to physically stop himself, Taehyung panics, knowing he won't last much longer. A tear escapes and falls down Taehyung's cheek that Jeongguk can't help but to wipe away. "You're so cute."

He grabs hold of Taehyung's hand again, this time interlocking their fingers. Taehyung grips the younger's hand as another bit of pee streams out, this time longer and soaking the bottom of Taehyung's pant leg. The elder's legs shake as he lets out one last chant of *nonono*. Jeongguk knows he's reached the extend of his willpower. "It's okay, baby, let it go."

With Jeongguk's encouragement, Taehyung stops fighting, the first trickle of pee soaking the front of his boxers. It's so warm, the relief of finally letting go making Taehyung moan in delight. Another stream comes out, running down his leg, slowly creating a puddle on the floor. His boxers are soaked through now, and the sound it makes as

the pee drips from Taehyung's boxers onto the hardwood floor is so lewd. Jeongguk talks him through it, encouraging him to let it go when the stream pauses.

Eventually, they're both standing in a puddle of Taehyung's pee. Taehyung looks down at himself, his boxers completely soaked, legs wet, the puddle surrounding his feet. He notices the front of Jeongguk's socks are wet, too, and Taehyung sobs, feeling so dirty. As if reading his mind, Jeongguk coos, "So dirty. Look at the mess you've made, baby."

Taehyung whimpers, unable to believe he just pissed himself in front of his boyfriend. He drops his head in shame. Jeongguk lets go of the elder's wrist to tilt his chin up, making Taehyung look at him. "So filthy."

Jeongguk takes in his boyfriend, face flushed, teary eyes, soaked boxers. It's then that he notices the faint outline of Taehyung's cock, drenched fabric clinging to his semi-erection. "Did you get turned on from making a mess of yourself, baby?"

Taehyung averts his gaze, cheeks reddening even more than they already were. He whines weakly when Jeongguk continues staring at him, refusing to answer.

"Did it feel good to let go?" Jeongguk asks as he gently slips the elder's boxers down his legs. "Did you like how it felt? Peeing all over yourself, making you boxers nice and warm?"

The elder's cock jumps, hardening with each question Jeongguk asks. Jeongguk uses their still-attached hands to guide Taehyung out of his boxers and away from the puddle. He takes them to his room where he has a towel waiting on a chair, using it to carefully wipe at the wetness still clinging to the elder's skin. Once he's dried off, Jeongguk

drops the towel to run a finger teasingly up the length of Taehyung's erection.

"N-no, it's dirty," Taehyung say meekly, jerking his hips away from the younger's wandering hands.

"It's okay, angel, I don't mind." Jeongguk places both hands on Taehyung's hips, pulling him to press right up against his body, finally locking their lips in a heated kiss. Taehyung's lower lip trembles, still on edge from earlier, opening his mouth to let Jeongguk in. All the pent up tension from the morning is translated into the kiss, the younger slipping his tongue into Taehyung's mouth, swallowing the whimper the elder lets out when Jeongguk wraps his arms around his waist to bring him closer. As Jeongguk pulls away, he nibbles on Taehyung's lower lip, the elder groaning at the slight sting of teeth.

"Jeonggukkie," Taehyung breathes. They pant against each other for a moment, Taehyung's gaze cloudy with desire. Jeongguk doesn't say anything, just waits for his boyfriend to make the next move with mirthful eyes. Taehyung pouts, but Jeongguk was already prepared for this. When Jeongguk still doesn't say anything, Taehyung whines, pressing his body flush against the younger's and grinding his bare cock against Jeongguk's fully clothed crotch. Jeongguk groans at the friction, nowhere near satisfying through his jeans, but the sight of his boyfriend needy and grinding against him is enough to make his dick twitch against the stiff material. "Please, Guk."

Jeongguk nudges Taehyung towards the bed, walking them over when it becomes clear Taehyung isn't detaching himself from his boyfriend. "So needy, baby. Let me take care of you."

Taehyung really doesn't let go, even when Jeongguk tries to lay him down on the bed, the elder's arms clasp around his neck and pulling him down, too. They giggle at how clumsy it is, them falling into bed together. Jeongguk pushes himself onto his elbows to watch Taehyung laugh, watching the smile that he fell in love with. The

younger presses a quick kiss to Taehyung's nose before sitting on his heels to take his t-shirt off. He flexes just a bit when he catches Taehyung's eyes lingering on his toned stomach (he always shows off for Taehyung— if Taehyung gets off on Jeongguk's muscles, then Jeongguk gets off just as much on Taehyung's appreciation for them).

When Jeongguk leans back down to connect their lips, Taehyung grasps his biceps hungrily, pulling the younger's body to him so he can pick up where he left off, rubbing his cock against the divots of Jeongguk's abs. Jeongguk indulges him, kissing down the elder's neck so that the solid line in the middle of his stomach lines up with Taehyung's hips. The tip of Taehyung's cock smears precum around his belly button as the elder thrusts up against his stomach.

"Look at you," Jeongguk coos, "so worked up for me, angel. So wet for me." Taehyung whimpers, fingers tangling in the younger's hair, clutching Jeongguk to himself. "So filthy."

"Baby, *please*," Taehyung begs. Jeongguk works the skin on Taehyung's collarbone between his teeth, sucking a deep red mark where he knows Taehyung won't be able to hide it. The elder groans, hips grinding erratically against Jeongguk's stomach, chasing his release.

Once Jeongguk's satisfied with the mark, he runs his hands along Taehyung's sides, stopping to press the elder's hips into the mattress, effectively stilling his thrusts. Taehyung indignantly whines at the loss of stimulation, eyes glassy and wide staring up at his boyfriend. "You're so needy. What do you want, angel?"

Taehyung tries to squirm, but is trapped by Jeongguk's grip on his hips. "Need your cock, please, wanna come."

Jeongguk's cock twitches, still suffocated by his jeans, not unnoticed

by Taehyung, who reaches forward to run his palm up the length of the younger's cock. Jeongguk reaches over to grab the lube from the bedside table, groaning as Taehyung strokes his cock through his jeans. He gently slaps the elder's hands away when he comes back, spreading Taehyung's legs wide. "I'll give you what you need, baby."

Taehyung reaches down with both hands to hold his legs open, hands on the backs of his thighs, puppy eyes looking up at Jeongguk. This look of his always makes Jeongguk want to fuck his boyfriend *hard*, and he never knows if Taehyung does it on purpose. Either way, Jeongguk squirts ample lube onto his fingers, tossing the bottle to the side and circling the elder's rim with the tips of his lubed fingers. "Let me open you up, angel."

The first finger slides in easily, a moan escaping Taehyung's throat at finally having something inside of him. "More. Please."

Jeongguk obliges, slipping another finger in, sliding his fingers deep. Taehyung feels more relaxed than usual, despite how worked up he is. The younger curls his fingers, knowing exactly where to press to drive Taehyung crazy. A drop of precum oozes out of the elder's cock in response, and he pulls his legs closer to his chest to encourage Jeongguk.

He pulls his fingers out all the way, thrusting back in hard enough to make Taehyung's cock bounce. Jeongguk repeats the motion, pushing his fingers in to brush *just enough* against Taehyung's prostate to have him crying out, bringing them back out before the elder can really get any direct stimulation.

"Guk, please, I can't." Taehyung's breaths come short, cheeks still rosy and thighs trembling held up in the air. Jeongguk presses his fingers right up against the elder's spot, just to tease him. Taehyung chokes on a moan, eyes squeezing shut.

“You’re so cute,” Jeongguk mumbles to himself, not really meaning for Taehyung to hear. He slips a third finger in on the next thrust, feeling Taehyung’s walls clench around them. “Wanna fuck you so hard.”

Taehyung whimpers *please please* as Jeongguk works his fingers inside the elder, rolling his wrist into Taehyung, fingertips grinding repeatedly against the most sensitive spots inside him. A tear slips down Taehyung’s cheek. Jeongguk chuckles, *so wet*, looking at his boyfriend spread out on the bed.

He pulls his fingers out only when Taehyung’s legs start squeezing together, signaling he’s close to orgasm. “Gonna make you come on my cock.”

The elder opens his eyes again to watch Jeongguk hastily undo the button of his jeans, unzipping them and pushing his pants and boxers down enough so his cock springs free. Taehyung gulps, loving the sight of the younger’s erection, the way it sits heavily in Jeongguk’s hand as the younger slicks it up with lube.

Jeongguk leans forward to rest his weight on his hands, Taehyung spreading his legs to accommodate his boyfriend between them. Taehyung reaches one hand down to angle the younger’s cock, a practiced motion as Jeongguk presses his hips forward. They both moan when the younger enters, Taehyung’s legs falling open farther to adjust to the stretch. Jeongguk slides one hand up Taehyung’s thigh, gripping the soft flesh and bending Taehyung farther in half as he thrusts his hips all the way in.

“Harder, Jeongguk.” Taehyung runs his hands up Jeongguk’s arms, stopping to hold onto the younger’s biceps, muscles pulled taught as he snaps his hips into the elder. Jeongguk pushes harder, the slap of his balls against Taehyung’s ass echoing throughout the room. Taehyung throws his head back, a string of *yesyes just like that yes* leaving his lips as Jeongguk fucks harshly into him.

The lube begins frothing at Taehyung's rim, the white liquid running down his ass as Jeongguk sets a quick pace with his hips. Jeongguk trails a finger through the stickiness on Taehyung's tummy, bringing the finger down to dip into the lube pooling at the elder's rim. "So wet for me. Gonna make a mess of you here, too, angel."

Taehyung whines at the feeling of Jeongguk's finger collecting the excess lube dripping out of his hole. When Jeongguk wiggles the finger inside him alongside his cock, Taehyung cries out. Tears stain his face, the stretch burning, causing heat to swirl in his abdomen. Jeongguk snaps his hips relentlessly, the force surely leaving bruises on the backs of Taehyung's thighs.

"Fuck, fuck," the elder sobs, his stomach clenching. "Jeonggukkie, close."

Jeongguk works his hips in faster, feeling Taehyung's walls squeeze tight around him. "Gonna come?"

Taehyung nods, unable to form words over the choked noises coming out of his throat. Jeongguk pulls his finger out of the elder's hole, sitting up to hold Taehyung's legs against his chest. He uses the elder's thighs to pull Taehyung onto his cock, thrusts becoming erratic as he grows closer, as well.

"Want me to fill you up, baby? Fill your messy hole with my cum?" Taehyung's mouth drops open in a silent cry, hands gripping the sheets since he can no longer reach Jeongguk. "Gonna fuck it all into you, make you so full."

Taehyung's whole body tenses when he comes, a sharp whine leaving his lips as thick cum drips onto his stomach. Jeongguk snaps his hips

hard, watching it ooze onto the elder's belly, Taehyung's shaking body bringing him to the edge, the pretty look on his face as he cries from coming so hard making arousal coil tight in his abdomen. Jeongguk thrusts sloppily into Taehyung a few more times before he spills into the elder.

"Yes, yes," Taehyung repeats, working his hips weakly down to meet the younger's thrusts. He feels Jeongguk's cock pulse inside him, the hot cum filling him up. Taehyung groans when Jeongguk intentionally angles his hips to press the tip of his cock against the elder's prostate, forcing another dribble of cum to drip onto Taehyung's belly. The younger keeps thrusting, languidly fucking his cum into his boyfriend, riding out his orgasm. He basks in the high, the satisfied feeling that comes with marking his boyfriend in such a filthy way, a similar feeling to the one he gets when he spurts cum all over the elder's face.

"Baby."

Jeongguk leans down to brush his nose against Taehyung's. "Yes, angel?"

"Want my plug," he states. Jeongguk stills for a moment, shocked. Taehyung opens his eyes lazily, gazing into the younger's eyes. "Hurry, before it drips out," he says impatiently.

"R-right." Jeongguk bolts up, jogging across the room to retrieve the butt plug kept safely in his closet. He leaps back to the bed, using the tip to catch a bit of cum that slid out before he got back, pushing it back into Taehyung's hole. He presses the plug all the way in until the pretty pink gem on the base rests snugly against the elder's entrance.

Taehyung exhales, eyes closed, rolling onto his side to curl up peacefully on the mattress. "Just for a little while."

Jeongguk chuckles fondly. Who is he to say no to his needy baby? Now that the pressing matter is taken care of, he gets up to grab the towel by the chair, bringing it to gently wipe the cum off the elder's stomach. "Can I get you anything else?"

Taehyung hums, "C'mere." He reaches a hand up blindly to make a grabby hand at Jeongguk. Jeongguk lays down beside him, wrapping his arms around him and tucking the elder under his chin. Taehyung's breathing slowly evens out, deepening until he's napping in Jeongguk's arms. The younger waits patiently, soaking up the affection from the cuddling, ready for when Taehyung wakes up and surely wants to get clean.

About an hour later, Taehyung starts squirming in the younger's arms. He had drifted off a bit, basking in the warmth and the opportunity to rest after such an exhausting scene, but no sooner does Taehyung sniffle a bit and Jeongguk's rubbing his back and cooing softly. Taehyung peeks one eye open, squinting at Jeongguk before closing it again.

"Hi, angel," Jeongguk whispers, pressing a warm kiss to the elder's forehead. "Are you ready for a shower?"

Taehyung stretches a bit, eyes blinking cutely as he tries to wake up fully. "Only if you carry me."

Jeongguk's already sliding his arms under Taehyung, hefting him into his arms bridal style. "Of course."

He walks them to the bathroom, placing Taehyung on the bath mat as he turns on the shower, adjusting the water to a nice, warm temperature. Once the water is comfortable, he helps Taehyung into the shower with both hands, careful to make sure his legs are stable enough to carry himself. Jeongguk reaches down to tug the plug out, watching with sympathy as Taehyung winces at the cum dripping down his thighs. While Taehyung ensures all of it is rinsed out, Jeongguk takes to cleaning the toy, using lots of hot water and soap and laying it out on a fresh towel to dry.

He steps into the shower behind Taehyung when he's finished, just in time to steal the shampoo out of the elder's hands and do it himself. Jeongguk lathers the soap in Taehyung's hair, tilting the elder's head back and helping him to rinse it out once he's finished. Jeongguk shampoos his own hair quickly, watching as Taehyung squirts lavender and vanilla scented body wash onto his hands. The elder reaches forward to wash Jeongguk's body, earning him a pleased hum at the gentle touch. They switch places under the water so Jeongguk can rinse off. He returns the favor after, lathering body wash all over Taehyung, scrubbing his back and making sure to get under his arms, Taehyung giggling at the gesture.

They get out soon after, preferring to get dressed and chill out for the rest of the day, since they already finished any upcoming assignments. Jeongguk wraps Taehyung in his fluffiest towel, rubbing his head with a smaller towel to dry the elder's hair. They go to pick fresh underwear and t-shirts out of Jeongguk's dresser next. Jeongguk slips into a pair of boxers, leaving Taehyung to get dressed as he hurries to put a fresh set of sheets on the bed.

Taehyung walks over in an oversized pink hoodie of Jeongguk's, sweaters paws raised for full effect. Jeongguk melts on the spot. It's then that he remembers something important he's been waiting to give his boyfriend. "Get cozy, angel, I'll be right back."

Taehyung pouts but does what he's told, climbing back into bed as he

waits for his boyfriend. Jeongguk shuffles around in his top drawer for a minute before skipping back to Taehyung, hiding something behind his back.

“Whatcha got?” He squints at the suspicious thing behind Jeongguk’s back. The younger sits down on the bed beside Taehyung, pulling out a small velvet box from behind him. Taehyung’s eyes widen, looking from the box to his boyfriend in shock.

“I know it’s not quite our one year yet, but...” Jeongguk trails off, cheeks dusting pink. He scratches the back of his neck nervously.

“But?” Taehyung questions when Jeongguk still doesn’t continue.

“But I’ve had this for awhile and every time I see you all I want to do is give it to you. I don’t think I can take the anticipation any longer.”

Taehyung giggles at how adorable the younger is. Jeongguk hands the small box over to Taehyung and watches eagerly as the elder opens his present. Taehyung can’t hold back a gasp when he see what’s inside.

“It’s—“ Jeongguk starts, but is cut off by Taehyung pulling out the ring from its silk bed.

“It’s your tattoo!” The look of surprise on Taehyung’s face brings a wide smile on Jeongguk’s. “How is this your tattoo?”

The ring, a gleaming rose gold, is shaped to match the tattoo on Jeongguk’s ring finger, the gold wrapping around itself into a heart, almost as if it’s being tied into a knot. It’s a clever mixture of the heart

tattoo on his ring finger and the one on his pinky, red to symbolize the red string of fate. Taehyung knows this isn't a proposal, that there's no reason to overreact like this, but he feels tears spring to his eyes at how meaningful the gift is.

"It's custom made," Jeongguk admits, taking the ring from Taehyung so he can slip it onto his boyfriend's left ring finger, mirroring his own tattoo. Taehyung holds his hand out to admire the ring on his hand.

"Jeongguk, how many times have I told you—"

"Not to spend money on you, I know," Jeongguk finishes, smiling as Taehyung falls to rest his head in the younger's collarbones. "I can't help but spoil the one I love. I want only the best for you."

Taehyung lets out a watery laugh, trying to compose himself. "This is certainly going the extra mile."

Jeongguk pulls Taehyung back by his shoulders, looking into his smiling eyes. "I hope you don't mind everyone knowing you're mine."

Taehyung grins, leaning in to press a lingering kiss to Jeongguk's lips. "I wouldn't have it any other way."

End Notes

anyway yeah. i'm not really a big fan of the quality of my writing on this one but i just wanted to share these couple ideas. just don't think about it too deeply.

if you haven't already, check out my [twitter](#) i have some fic references, aus, the works if you're interested.

if you're wondering, they've talked about not using condoms now, they're both clean and committed to this relationship, always practice safe sex kiddos.

also if ur reading this, i wanted to include them playing two player overwatch but it just wasn't in the cards. just know i thought about it. you know who you are.

please call me out on plot holes i get off on it

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!